

L. Cham. What is't for?

Low. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monfieurs
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And neuer see the *Louure*.

Low. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wife dome, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;
And vnderstand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may *Cum Praeilegio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. This time to giue 'em Phyficke, their diseases
Are growne so catching.

L. Cham. What a losse our Ladies
Will haue of these trim vanities?

Lowell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the flye whorsons
Haue got a speeding trick to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord Sands,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I haue a stump.

L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Low. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.

Low. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberall,
They are set heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now giue so great ones:
My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboyes. A small Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a
longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen,
and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests
at one Doore; at an other Doore enter
Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter *L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lowell.*
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford.
San. Sir Thomas Lowell, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Low. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie penance.

Low. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Harry
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betwene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card. Y'are wel come my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And saue me so much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talk vs to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.

An. B. You cannot shew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.
San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preface, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-
lute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choofe Ladies, King and An Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What say they?